

spent some time in New Hampshire, working on a turnpike. After his marriage, in 1807, to Miss Sarah Westland, who was born in Windsor, Hartford County, Conn., November 25, 1787, he worked at farming or anything which offered until January 18, 1817, when he loaded his household goods, his wife and three sons (the eldest but six years old) into a large covered wagon, and, with two yoke of oxen as motive power, started for Mt. Pleasant, in Wayne County, Pa., one hundred and fifty miles away. At Mt. Pleasant they had a distant relative, whom they called uncle Ichabod Demens, and at whose door the two yoke of oxen and wagon, with its cold and weary occupants, came to a halt in the night of January 27th, just nine days after starting. Erastus W., though but six years old at the time, well remembers that long ride in mid-winter, and the joy they experienced when, crying with cold and hunger, they reached Uncle Demens' door. Mr. Loomis bought fifty-seven acres of wild land adjoining Uncle Demens' farm, and at once commenced the work of building a small log house and cutting away the timber around the same. During the winter the family lived with Daniel Roberts, who was a widower and was glad to have Mrs. Loomis look after his house and little ones.

On the 1st of June following their arrival the family moved into their own house, which was of the most primitive make. The fire-place was but a few feet high, and, for want of a chimney, the smoke was allowed to escape the best way possible. To his farm there was only a lumberman's road, and the country for miles around was new and wild. Deer, wolves, panthers and bears were plenty, and Mr. Loomis kept his table well supplied with venison and other game. Erastus W., the eldest son, remembers well going to sleep many a night with the howling of wolves sounding in his ears, and that his father's and their neighbors' sheep were often killed by them. The family for years saw hard times and always hard work. One winter the steady cold weather froze the dams, and the mills stopped running, and the whole neighborhood was out of flour, and, with only potatoes to eat, the settlers saw hunger staring them in the face. Finally Uncle Demens, with oxen and an old sled, started for Mr. Keen's mill in Canaan township, and, with flour for the whole neighborhood, returned just at night of a winter's day. Mr. and Mrs. Loomis lived to see the wilderness changed into